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MARCIA EDGINGTON

ADULTS ONLY
COLLECTOR'S EDITION



Jennie Lee leads the Stripper's Protest — page 6



"Miss Courageous" — page 10



Shirley Skates enhances — page 16

Vol. 1 - No. 1

Editor — Curt Wilson
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C O N T E N T S

FEATURE STORY

MARCIA EDGINGTON 2

PHOTO FEATURE

"BEAT PICS" 18

FICTION

LOVER BY OCCUPATION 14

OFF LIMITS 24

MY FIRST TIME 34

THE GIRLS

JENNIE LEE 6

JOANIE GRANT 10

SHIRLEY SKATES 16

STACEY FARREL 23

LORRAINE DuLAC 26

SALLY PIERCE 28

TURA SATANA 30

VICKI RAE 33

STONIE DELL 36



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COVER GIRL MARCIA EDGINGTON



By CLAY WYATT

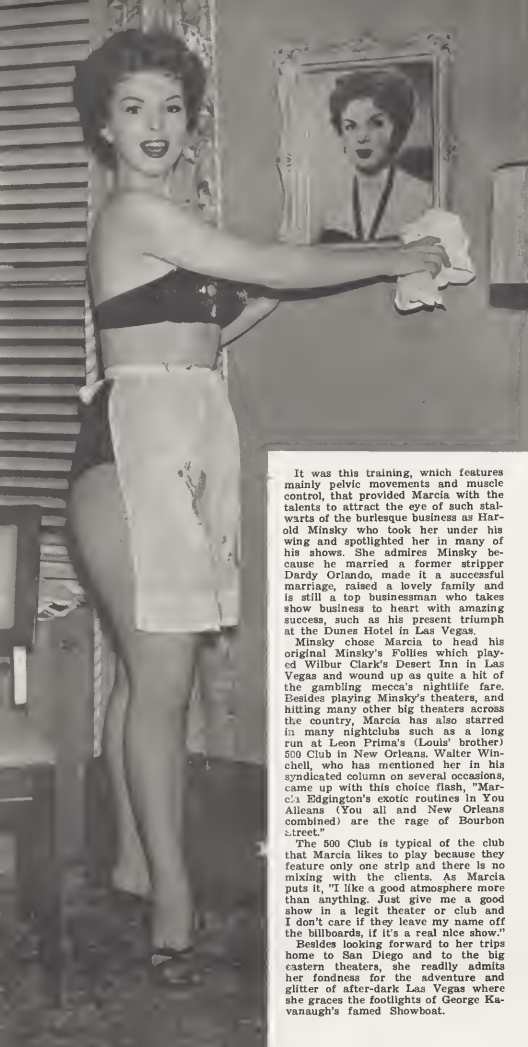
Marcia Edgington, the tempting and shapely redhead, who practices with quite some success the fine art of stripping, lashes back at the burlesque critics who waggle their fingers of shame at the entire field of endeavor and brand them morally indecent.

As Marcia looks at it, "My idea of a good stripper is a woman who looks sweet and clean, a woman no man would be ashamed to be seen with, a woman like Gypsy Rose Lee, who has made as much as \$7500 a week. That's my ambition, to be the best stripper in the world." And the way she is going at it, one would be convinced that this girl definitely possesses not only the looks, the talent, and the intelligence to hit the top, but she is also loaded with a grim determination to go after a real big career for herself and convince the average girl that is satisfied to just plod along at one favorite stand, that it can be done. She insists, "If you're a lady, you're a lady regardless of what business you are in, and where else can I earn \$750 per week and work steady the year around?"

Marcia, unlike the present day burlesque queens who insist they are training for roles in movies and TV, is very happy with her chosen profession and wants nothing more than to stay in it. "I don't want to be a movie or television star nor a model. I'm not thinking about marriage now or in the near future. I do date, but I won't drink and mixing with the customers in the clubs where I work is strictly taboo with me. And if I ever want a mink coat or a new car, I'll buy it myself because I can afford it with my legitimate burlesque checks." "I guess you'd call me independent all right. I'm up there on the stage because I like what I am doing and I am separated from my audience at all times and I like to keep it that way. As long as I perform well, I'll be up there doing my best and not because I had a drink with some man the night before. I devote myself to my work, but it's a lonely life sometimes because home is a series of hotel rooms from Coast to Coast. Of course, it's a good life, too, and you make close friends in burlesque. My home is in San Diego and I try to get back there as often as possible, especially every Christmas to see the folks. Sure I like California but I like the East, too.

"I've traveled across the country lots of times and I never get tired of traveling on. I've never been out of this country but I can't say I'd like a trip abroad unless it was Paris just to say I'd been there; but it would have to be a round-trip ticket."

Even back in the days when Marcia was first studying dancing she was full of ambition and determination. She took seriously such intricate forms of dancing as the primitive and native barefoot interpretations such as are practiced in Haiti, Java and many of the islands. "These strenuous and exciting dances are probably the sexiest to be seen anywhere in the world today and are much more suggestive, but they all have a meaning that is taken in all seriousness by the natives, but we look upon them as lewd and indecent. This type of dancing would be too much for the people of this make the strip look mild."



It was this training, which features mainly pelvic movements and muscle control, that provided Marcia with the talents to attract the eye of such stalwarts of the burlesque business as Harold Minsky who took her under his wing and spotlighted her in many of his shows. She admires Minsky because he married a former stripper Dardy Orlando, made it a successful marriage, raised a lovely family and is still a top businessman who takes show business to heart with amazing success, such as his present triumph at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas.

Minsky chose Marcia to head his original Minsky's Follies which played Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn in Las Vegas and wound up as quite a hit of the gambling mecca's nightlife fare. Besides playing Minsky's theaters, and hitting many other big theaters across the country, Marcia has also starred in many nightclubs such as a long run at Leon Prima's (Louis' brother) 500 Club in New Orleans. Walter Winchell, who has mentioned her in his syndicated column on several occasions, came up with this choice flash, "Marcia Edgington's exotic routines in You Aileans (You all and New Orleans combined) are the rage of Bourbon street."

The 500 Club is typical of the club that Marcia likes to play because they feature only one strip and there is no mixing with the clients. As Marcia puts it, "I like a good atmosphere more than anything. Just give me a good show in a legit theater or club and I don't care if they leave my name off the billboards, if it's a real nice show."

Besides looking forward to her trips home to San Diego and to the big eastern theaters, she readily admits her fondness for the adventure and glitter of after-dark Las Vegas where she graces the footlights of George Kavanaughs famed Showboat.

Marcia puts her heart and soul into every production and her act is a real production such as her "Park Avenue Pickup Girl" with a black cocktail dress complete with all the lacy, black-frilled undies in which she refers to herself as a real "debutramp." Critics say she has a fresh, dreamy quality to her presentation and others expand on her perfect figure and excellent coloring which has proven very beneficial for colored pictures and has caused her to hit thirteen covers in one year. When Joe Pasternak saw her do a number in New Orleans' 500 Club, he told her to report to Hollywood for a screen test, which was impossible due to previous theater bookings.

She prefers routines that tell a story, although nothing crude. One very colorful routine is the one featured on our cover, a bright red creation that includes a devil's headdress with the horns and the barbed pitchfork, red plumes, red bra, and panties. And with her flashing titian red hair billowing as she dances, her body even takes on the most brilliant reddish hue in a fiery number from start to finish.

She admires the talents of Lili St. Cyr and Cyd Charisse, mainly because of their outstanding presentations in their own individually chosen fields. Her hobbies, besides painting an occasional landscape, are piano and voice, and she always carries a small electric piano on the road and can entertain friends by playing and singing such songs as her favorite, "I've Got a Crush on You." However, she admits she would rather play the classical music on the piano and sing the more popular songs, even to the point of starting off her strip numbers with a bit of choice warbling. She also harbors a fondness for a game of chess, not because it's a highbrow game, but because it is like everyday life where she likes to be sure of her every move, and avoids gambling in life as well as on the chess board. "I hate to gamble, and I guess that's because I am just not lucky. Oh, I've had the breaks, but it took more than that to put over an act before such a critical audience as burlesque people can be. I would say that luck will never replace plain down-to-earth intestinal fortitude.

Stripping didn't come easy to Marcia. In fact, she was very indignant when she was first asked to do a strip. But she finally decided on a motto that she still cherishes to this day, "You can be a stripper and still be a lady." She went after her career on her own, and has been on her own ever since, not without pitfalls and not without rewards. She feels that, "The only place I could learn to be a stripper was on the stage and I found that it's a real art if you practice at it. But you have to perform in front of an audience or it's impossible to know how you are going over. All it takes is sublime self-confidence such as the first time I performed a strip on the stage of the Hudson Theater in Union City, New Jersey. A woman in the audience laughed and I ran off the stage and burst into tears. But the next time I tried, it went better. I decided, then and there, if you can't win an audience with your appearance and the assurance that you're a woman unassuming with dignity, then you're nothing."

MARCIA EDGINGTON

"I have been especially interested in the number of women who have attended burlesque shows. In one week in Newark, there were at least 40% women in the audience and most of these had come unescorted. I think women are attracted because of the wardrobes and the smart, colorful show, with the strippers presented in a graceful production number with a theme. They wouldn't call this type lewd.

"I still get the opening night jitters and I guess I never will get over it. Like on the opening night in Las Vegas when I walked on stage to sing a song for my opening. My panel fell off but I bravely went on with the song. Then while I was dancing, an earring fell off and some guy grabbed it. I never speak or make any reference to anyone in my audience, so the earring was gone and forgotten. It was not until I had finished my entire number that I found out the mike had been turned off while I was singing. But, thank godness this was not a typical opening night but it just goes to show what can happen and when the inevitable does happen, the show goes on regardless and it always seems that whatever happens on one show, it works out all right on the next."

Asked if she had any plans that would include giving up burlesque anytime soon, Marcia replied, "Goodness, no. I couldn't afford it and besides, after dancing through five shows a day it feels so good to go home, get the make-up off and take a cold shower before relaxing with a good book." And relaxing includes sleeping until noon each day, which may sound real good to a working stiff but to a stripper it's her most cherished luxury. And anyone who calls a stripper on the telephone before noon will be invading her most valuable pastime.





STRIPPERS PROTEST BAN ON USE OF PICTURES

Led by Jennie Lee and her Exotic Dancers League, fourteen Los Angeles burlesque dancers went on a picketing parade in front of the downtown newspaper buildings to protest the ban on nude or semi-nude figures in the burlesque ads. In fact the papers have decreed that only the head and shoulders of girl strippers can be used in the ads. Leading the picket line was League President and well-known ecdyasiast Jennie Lee who proclaimed, "Since when are female bodies offensive. If Brigitte Bardot can do it, why can't we?"

Tim "Kingfish" Moore got into the act to help the girls' cause by carrying a sign reading, "Save Freedom of Sexpression."

The new ruling of the California Newspaper Publishers Association reads: "Any night club, cafe or burlesque bouse

having strip-tease or burlesque acts can run only the head of a woman in the advertisements. Advertising copy must be clean and inoffensive."

Meanwhile, the burlesque ads read, "Shame on me and the rest of us strippers for our nude pictures. The paper won't publish our bare facts but see us in person at . . ." and shows a girl sucking on her finger like a bad little girl. Another advertises, "Live figure models every hour on the hour — artistic display of the undraped human form by exquisite models," with a face of a pretty stripper just next to it. Well, one thing for sure, if you want to see a stripper do her stuff you'll have to go see her in person. There will be no free peeks in Los Angeles' newspapers.





Buxom blonde Jennie Lee, President of the League of Exotic Dancers leads protest against newspaper's ban on use of stripper's pictures.

WHAT THEY CAN'T SHOW





JOANIE GRANT — "MISS COURAGEOUS OF 1959"



Joanie Grant
When a girl as accident prone as Joanie Grant, is exposed to near fatal mishaps than a Marine landing on Okinawa, and still comes back to establish herself as one of the leading models in Hollywood, then she can truly lay claim to the title, "Miss Courageous of 1959."

Considering that she has been thrown from three horses, knocked out for hours in 14 separate yet atrocious falls, nearly drowned on three occasions, hit in the stomach by a baseball which burst her appendix, involved in ten totally-demolished car wrecks and 13 lesser smashups, backed over by a truck, trampled by a bull, knocked down by a car, received a lacerated arm in a washing machine, pinned under a fallen tree, knocked down by a wounded deer, stung by dirt and splinters of a stray bullet that missed her by inches, and caught in the middle of a very angry yellow jacket's nest, Joanie is extremely lucky to still be breathing air much less prettying up the pages of magazines from coast to coast.

Joanie Allen Grant was raised in a logging camp and on a farm in Roseburg Oregon, and her life would surely make Ralph Edwards an excellent subject for "This Is Your Life." Her father, Johnny Allen Grant, was a writer for Abbott and Costello for 19 years. Her step father was raised and worked with the notorious "Pretty Boy" Floyd of the Dillinger era.

With measurements of a 37 inch bust, 23 inch waist, and 36 inch hips, coal black hair, brown eyes, and the indomitable fire of her Indian - Irish ancestors, Joanie chuckled her career as a practical nurse and dental assistant in favor of becoming a model. And she has never been sorry for as she puts it, "After growing up on a farm, milking cows and tending to a hundred chores a day, modeling is like a life of ease to me. The truth is, I am lazy and modeling to me is not work but rather a pleasurable endeavor that pays dividends both from a financial standpoint and with the satisfaction of seeing the results of real artistic photography."

Joanie's plans for the immediate future include a sports car which she has her heart set on buying. She also longs for her own home smack in the middle of some darn good farm land.

The right man in her life has not come along yet but she insists that he will have to be a guy with tons of imagination and a similar amount of humor. She likes men very much and admits that she likes their company but she further adds that they can be the best of friends or the worst of enemies. "Men," she says, "have helped me from my birth on, and of course they started my career and are keeping it prosperous, so I think they are people — good people."

"I have been proposed to, engaged, but never in love. In high school it became the fad to see who could get engaged the most times a year but unluckily for me the real thing has never come along, not yet at least."



She likes Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, and Elvis Presley and would like her husband to be a combination of the three. But she also revealed that her true love would have to be tall, dark, and handsome, which seems to rule out the three aforementioned stars on at least two points each. In fact, when one considers the requirements Joanie requests of a spouse after revealing the many near fatal accidents it would almost seem to be too much of a risk to apply for the position. However, if one is anxious for dangerous living with maybe some uncanny luck thrown in to perhaps pull you through, you might just join hands with Joanie Grant and live out nine lives. But let everyone be warned beforehand. From the foregoing account of all her harrowing experiences, it can be assumed that she has already accounted for eight lives and should be regarded as an unlucky risk. Of course, after pursuing the subject further on the following pages, the listed circumstances might seem trivial when one considers the full values presented so beautifully on the pages of the inaugural issue of *Sizzle Magazine* by the girl so aptly chosen as "Miss Courageous of 1959."

An applicant to the Joanie Grant husband derby would have to put up with the following difficulties if he should win her hand in marriage. She likes to get up early, usually around six or seven in the morning and admits she is real grumpy until she gets down a cup of coffee. She sleeps in a night gown and sweater and stays right in said attire until she decides to dress for the day. She can cook well enough to survive but readily admits she is not good at it. She loves venison steaks, fried potatoes, biscuits and a tossed salad but will settle on a beef steak if the provider is a poor shot during deer season.

An average day would find her posing for several hours on various assignments that will run from full dress down to the altogether and at night she may be a little exhausted from the tension of hearing "Hold It" all day. After work she likes to "put on lots of clothes, wiggle all I want and just relax."





LOVER BY OCCUPATION

By RICK DILLE

His name was Ted Kramer and as the girls put it, he was a delicious mixture of Clint Walker's beautiful physique, James Garner's cunning cleverness and a handsome face not unlike either of the two television stars. And he was just as successful in his occupation even though he proudly proclaimed himself as a full time lover."

Now all the world loves a lover, or so the saying goes, but big, good-looking Ted Kramer didn't happen to fall into the particular category that endears him to anyone, let alone the multitude of innocent young women that fell under his spell or influence, which in his case usually ran hand in hand. For Ted was a shining example of a guy who would put his mastery over the female animal to good use and all to one person's advantage, his own. Most men are content to brag about, love 'em and leave 'em, but Ted added a couple more in the middle — conquer 'em and use 'em. Often as not, during the use 'em stage, which he had been known to overplay, he lost his hold and found himself once again out in the cold.

But with Ted there always seemed to be another doll within reach or just around the corner waiting for his beck and call as he went highbaling it across the country from city to city, leaving a tearful chorus of wailing women that would make Aly Khan and Rubirosa seem like pikers.

Ted had always held the upper hand in every affair and it was he who came away unscathed, undaunted and ready and eager for another triumph and the fruits and pleasures that go to the victor.

That was until he landed in the world-famed gambling spa of Las Vegas, Nevada. Down to three suits, a pair of slacks, a year-old Cad convertible that was his pride and joy, less than a hundred in cash and no bed companion — there was definite signs that Ted's luck might have gone suddenly sour. But he felt that this would be his town, and he was prepared to "go for broke" in fabulous Las Vegas.

He checked in at a motel off the beaten track, to save money until he could get rolling with some well-fixed babe. He spent most of his time hanging around the lounges of the plushier hotels that featured a nearly nude chorus line. He finally succeeded in wrangling himself an introduction to a girl in the show and felt relieved that this was his "in." Her name was Margie, and she was a real sexy looking redhead with all the attributes to make her first string in the chorus line and first on the Kramer team. They had laughs together, spent most of the between shows time over a drink or dinner, yet two serious drawbacks developed to prevent Margie from becoming a Kramer protege.

She was obviously too intelligent to fall into the pattern Ted demanded of his women and she wasn't overwhelmed by his winning personality, looks, or physique. She did serve one useful purpose, because she introduced him to other girls in the show, and Ted knew he was in the "swim." These

girls all worked regularly, made good money, and soon he would find one that would be more than willing to share her apartment, money and groceries with a guy who was more than willing to be a most devoted and attentive escort.

Ted's attention turned to Carlene, a tall, statuesque blonde who stood out in the show with the best measurements if one set his sights chest high.

Ted was getting desperate when he turned all his charm full force upon Carlene. She looked like a prime target with the looks and the figure to go with her income and the fact that she seemed willing to play games. Only she would have to play Ted's game according to his rules. He dug deep into his rapidly dwindling cash reserve for drinks, dinners and the works, and the game was on. After three days of steady maneuvering, however, Ted broke his last ten and began to get nervous. He was in luck when he drove Carlene home for the third straight night and finally got invited to her apartment for a nightcap.

He felt like a pilot about to be launched from an aircraft carrier, any minute he would be on his way. There were the drinks, the late snack, and then the dancing to the smooth music of Carlene's new hi-fi. It was six in the morning before Ted bid her goodnight, with the realization that although he had not made a score, he had made good yardage and with a good pass or two and some tricky



maneuvering he would be a cinch to cross the goal when next they met.

With his funds nearly depleted, Ted had to take drastic measures or part with his most prized possession, his car. He checked out of his motel room early so he wouldn't have to pay for another day. That evening he was back with Carlene and the drinks and the food and even the kisses were much more abundant. Ted's passes were in desperation and went incomplete. Finally he tried a reckless plunge down the middle and was thrown for a loss. Then he calmly took a deep breath and started out slow like a quarter-back who knows he has a long way to go and is not allowed a mistake. He was deliberate in his every move. This was the Kramer technique in operation, at its best, and it was undeniably expert. When he saw success in sight he gave it all he had and it was enough.

Things were just beginning to look rosy for Ted and he had been proud of his successful entry into his cherished occupation in such a notorious-carefree town as Las Vegas, but he had counted on winning a little too early. He had been with Carlene only two weeks when suddenly one night she rushed up to him just before the last show was to go on. "Ted, darling, something unexpected has come up," her voice trembling with anxiety over her every word. "He's back in town, the guy I knew before you . . . and he, well, it was like it is with us only. . ."

Ted was shocked, but he had heard the story before.

"Come on, Carlene. Out with it. There was another guy before me, and now he's back and you want me out of the way."

"No, no, please, honey. It's not like that at all. I didn't know you then and things are different now; but he's right here in the hotel and he's been asking for me already."

"Well, Carlene, it looks like you'll have to decide for yourself just what to do now. It'll have to be one of us. That's up to you."

"Ted, you don't understand. I'll take time to explain it to Lou. I just can't hurt him. . ."

"Look Carlene baby, I'll talk to him myself if you want me to and I'll fix. . ."

"No, Ted, please. You can't do that. Lou would probably . . . Oh, Ted, I'm scared of what he might do to you. It will take time but it will work out, darling. Believe in me and trust me to handle this my way. I've got to go now, or I will be late for the curtain."

"They were at the door that led from the casino to the backstage dressing rooms. Carlene opened it and stood in the half-open doorway. Ted touched her, the sudden reassurance and said, "I'll meet you right after the show and we'll go home, honey, and I won't let anything happen to you."

"Oh, no . . . we can't. Please, Ted, please. You don't understand. He'll kill you and me both if he finds out. You must stay away until I can. . ."

Ted was at a crisis in his career with no money, no food and without Carlene, he would have no place to live. "Carlene, don't worry, honey. I'll take care of you, baby."

She was desperate with only a few seconds to dress for her spot in the

chorus line. "Ted, love me and trust me, darling. Lou has a key to the apartment and he might be there right now."

The words drove home and the shock left Ted at a loss for words as Carlene turned to hurry backstage. She turned as she walked, and added, "Lou pays for the apartment, so you can see he. . ." Ted thought he saw tears in her eyes as she started running out of sight and he let the door close.

Ted slept in his car all night and the next morning he made the rounds of the used car lots to see what kind of a price he could expect to get for his car, if it came to that, and it looked very much like a distinct possibility at the moment. Then he spent the afternoon at the downtown slot machine places to try his luck at landing a free sandwich or two.

That night he arrived at the hotel before the first show went on so he could try to get a message to Carlene, either by another chorus girl or in person. When he finally located her, she was walking through the casino, arm in arm with a big, tough looking guy who was obviously this Lou. Ted saw her kiss him goodbye before he headed for the crap table where he was met by many nods and a chorus of greetings from the dealers and housemen. About the time Ted had decided to give up the idea of a message, Margie came hurrying through the casino and nearly ran right past him. "Ted, are you crazy, sitting here like this, with Lou over there at the crap table? I just heard that he was in here looking for you earlier tonight."

"Thanks, Margie. Maybe I had better get out of here for Carlene's sake; but do me thing for me. Tell her I love her, and Margie, this time it's for real."

Another night in the car and a couple of free sandwiches didn't leave Ted in very top condition, nor did he look much like a guy who called himself a "lover" by occupation. Yet here he was, scared to show himself out on the Strip because of a real tough hood named Lou. It was the last straw when Ted met a girl from the chorus line and she related how Lou had begun a real serious search for Ted and seemed determined to root him out. If he was still in Las Vegas, Ted had to make hasty decisions and he fingered the gasoline credit card in his pocket and patted the free sandwich in his stomach. He could make it to Hollywood with ease and look up a couple of chicks who would be delighted to have a houseguest for a few days, and then he could get in touch with Carlene later. At least he would still have his car and a fighting chance to get rolling again.

On the way out of town, he glanced at the hotel where Carlene worked and he pictured her face as she stood at the stageloor. He stopped at a signal and wondered if he should go on. He happened to glance at the limousine that had stopped even with his car, just to his left. It was Carlene with Lou at the wheel and their eyes met Ted's gaze and then they turned and hurriedly passed a few words between them that Ted could not hear.

The signal changed and Ted shot

his car away first. He raced to the last signal leading out of town and made it on the green. It changed to red just as Ted passed through and he quickly glanced in his rear view mirror in time to see Lou and Carlene not far behind, tearing right through the red.

Ted hated violence with a purple passion, especially if it involved a gun or a knife since he had encountered both during his turbulent career. In fact, he was once attacked by a girl wielding a wierd looking switch-blade and only the tears in her eyes kept her from slicing Ted's beautiful face to ribbons. This guy Lou wouldn't have any tears in his eyes and Ted couldn't imagine anything that would be standing in his way or blurring his vision if he could run Ted off the road.

Ted pushed the pedal nearly to the floor and the speedometer edged past 95 as the car roared across the barren desert with the second car in hot pursuit. He pulled to the wrong side of the road to pass a row of three cars and his tires squealed as he careened around them. He was clear of the front car. He peered quickly at the rear view mirror and could see that Lou hadn't made it around the three cars yet, and this gave Ted a chance to establish a big lead. He rounded a curve, nearly left the road, but hit a straight stretch and mashed the pedal to the floor. He had a good two blocks on Lou now, and he watched the mirror as he sped. The first car came around the curve and he had to squint to see if it was Lou or one of the other cars. The thought that Lou might have given up the chase was quickly dispelled when Ted caught sight of him bearing down faster than ever. When he returned his eyes and his thoughts to the road again, it was too late as the wheels on the right side of the car hit the loose gravel on the shoulder and spun crazily out of control. It shot off the highway like a bullet, went down a sharp incline, rolled over and over, smashing the windows and demolishing the car when it slammed to a stop against some rocks and threw Ted out on the ground.

Lou and Carlene were the first ones on the scene but she stayed in the car and tears and near hysteria. Lou saw there was nothing anyone could do for Ted and when other people began to gather around the wreckage and the body, he returned to Carlene.

"Lou, I've got to know. Is he dead?" Carlene had gone into a state of shock and was on the verge of fainting, yet she demanded the news, no matter how tragic.

"Carlene, I'm terribly sorry, honey. There was nothing anyone could do for a poor guy. There was very little Lou could say on the drive back to town, but when Lou braked the car to a stop in front of the apartment, he broke the silence, "Carlene, I'm awfully sorry this happened to you, and I feel sorry for the guy. But, honey, believe me, it is a little hard to believe you wanted to leave me for a guy like that. Why, his clothes were a mess and it looked like he had slept in them for a week and he hadn't shaved for several days. I think if we could have caught him, I would have changed my mind about letting you go with him anyway."

Shirley Skates

A MODEL WITH A MOTIVE

When young dancer-model Shirley Skates deserted the Las Vegas show-girl hit to open up her own modeling agency she had a motive to her madness. She had carefully laid plans to make a success of her first venture into business with the minimum overhead. She took a desk in the front of a newly established photographer's studio, got a telephone and let it be known she was available for modeling to every photographer she knew and listed her name with models at one of the busier Hollywood agencies. With her office in Los Angeles, she could pretty well cover the entire area and soon became a favorite with many of the better photographers in the area. She is now in the process of landing in more magazine than any girl to hit town in many a moon, so you can expect to see more pictures of Miss Shirley Skates very soon.

With very pretty brown hair and brown eyes, Shirley spent part of her year adorning the chorus line at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas before moving over to the El Rancho Vegas. Then she did a specialty act at the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles where she did a bit of still posing inside a picture frame in the altogether, a nightclub act that startled the show business blue-noses yet remained quite within the law.

Shirley tapes in at 37-23-37 but this won't tell the story of the curvaceous bundle of sexy pulchritude that has set a new standard among the heftier talent to be found around the modeling studios in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

A few weeks ago, Shirley's cherished pet Siamese cat, Tona Mae, was run over by a car and departed from this world. With only a new hi-fi to keep her company, Shirley longs for another kitten, but admits her long-range planning includes marriage and a big house.





SIZZLE'S "BEAT PICS"



"Optional Equipment 1965"

"Beat Pics" is a regular feature of Sizzle Magazine. Send your favorite "beat" pictures to the address on Page 1 and Sizzle will pay \$5 for every picture published. You must caption each print with your own humorous saying. The picture may be out of proportion, distorted, trick photography, or the caption can sell the picture, but it must be interesting or humorous to the readers. A \$10 first prize will be paid to the best "Beat Pic" in each issue with a photo credit line. All submissions must be accompanied by return postage if it is to be returned.



"Aw right, who ripped the pants?"



"News in a nutshell"



"Beach craze of the future — transparent bathing suits."



"Wheee, let's have a party"



"The drinks are on me"



"You've been shortchanged?"



"And now for the serious drinking"



"Gee, I never thought you'd ask"



"Kilroy was here"



"And meanwhile, back at the office—"



"MAN, DIG THIS CRAZY STEP"
By Wm. C. Thomas



WINNER OF THE CROWN AND TROPHY SIGNIFYING HER AS TOP STRIPPER OF 1958 WAS STACEY FARREL. CONTEST IS YEARLY EXTRAVAGANZA AT THE ZOMBA CLUB IN HOLLYWOOD, FEATURING TOP NAMES IN THE FIELD OF STRIPPING.

"OFF LIMITS"

By CURT WILSON

My story is probably not much different than the average Navy man who serves his hitch during the War and latches on to whatever pleasure, excitement, or fun that may come his way. Actually, this story is a little unusual since it starts on the dismal side, blossoms into sensationalism andicans heavily on a chaotic climax. The average serviceman goes through the dull life of boot camp, combat training, and then jumps right into action with all its excitement and adventure and hazards that may end up with death, disfigurement or heroism. Actually, my career was so different from this pattern that I think it is worth telling.

I'll pass right over the drab boot camp days and the rowdy liberties Stateside, and get right down to the South Pacific Island where I was shipped for permanent duty. Actually, I had high hopes of becoming a radioman, but the Navy had sifted an inconspicuous item out of my questionnaire that revealed my childhood desire to run my own grocery store and they tacked "storekeeper striker" on my transfer papers.

Now this island was overburdened with twelve storekeepers already, but they were about to flip their lids because of the dull, everyday existence. They were all putting in for transfers regularly, offering to trade jobs with any seafaring sailor that came in for stores, and considering the unheard of misadventure of becoming a stowaway. They were literally starved for amusement and, brother, when I am thrown in their laps, you would have thought the words, "For Amusement" were stamped across my back and the Navy had sent me to become their personal morale booster.



On this one particular afternoon, they all decided that I should learn to drink beer even if all twelve did have to sacrifice their cherished rations. I had tried my regular two sips and then spent the rest of the afternoon feeling very uncooperative as they poured, choked, and bathed me in the stuff.

They giggled and laughed like idiots until I finally got tipsy and then they were absolutely in ecstasy. But then it hit me and consequently ruined their fun. I got sick as a dog, and man, when I get sick, I am really gone.

They all lost interest in me immediately and joined in a touch football game that was in progress. I wandered off in a daze to look for a cool place to lie down and die because I was certain that my whirling head would never clear and allow me to return from the brink of disaster. I staggered along the dirt road that encircles the military side of this huge island, and spent half my time falling and crawling before a soldier in a jeep gave me a lift. He dropped me at the end of the road and I staggered aimlessly off into the jungle. I heard the soldier warning me about something, but I was too numbed to pay any attention. I felt like the elephant who is famous for his way of finding just a certain special place to die. I was completely lost and my eyes kept watering up so badly that I could hardly see; yet I still had to stop every few minutes and heave up some more yellow fluid. This would make me feel much better, but only for a few moments until the nausea would return. I walked on and on until I stumbled into some cool grass, fell over and received welcome relief by going to sleep.

It was nearly dusk when I found myself on my two feet again, only I was on the edge of a crystal clear lagoon just like the kind you see in movies but never expect to see in real life. I peered across the still, blue water and observed a splashing waterfall that must have been a good fifteen feet wide. The water splashed in such an uneven pattern that I had to look a little closer. I moved to within twenty feet of the falls and suddenly I realized that there were several bronzed backs and long black hair of some very young and pretty island maidens. They seemed to be bathing and playing in the water which hit them about waist high when they stood, yet some of them were swimming about and others were sort of showering under the falls.

Man! This was a wonderful paradise — a Shangri-la. Heavenly bodies, bristling clean — and there must have been at least eight or ten girls ranging from fifteen to thirty years, but I am not too good at judging these island belles although I could have selected about five right off that would have been a delectable morsel to any lonesome sailor around my age. I stayed out of sight in the heavy foliage and watched as the girls stood waist high in the water and performed some sort of bathing ritual. I watched agog as they gleefully scampered up the bank even nearer to me and patted and sunned themselves with the last of the day's sunlight, before they tied on a brilliantly printed piece of cloth that tied around their waist and left them beautifully nude from there up. It was indeed surprising how well-developed and firm they were without the lifelong aid of a bra.

Back at the base I forgot all about being sick on beer, but I couldn't forget my other experiences of the day. I kept my tremendous discovery a complete secret even though the boys now had a new source of mirth all directed at me and my drunken stupor. It would be at least a week before I could return to the scene of my discovery, so I layed swake nights making plans.

My plans were even more successful than I could have hoped for because after the long walk through the jungle, eluding some guards, sneaking past "Off Limit" signs, and crawling through some barbed wire, I was already for a swim myself when I found the lagoon. I was alone in the water for a good half hour when I discovered that I was the one being watched this time. The giggling and snickering uncured me no end, but I went on with my own bath just as though I couldn't hear them. When I finally emerged from the water, I looked down at my near-white body and was rather ashamed of my existence for a scant moment. In fact, I barely had a moment alone as these youthful innocents came pouring out of the jungle from all directions and began a ritual of worship that would have made the richest harem owner in the world a bit envious. I was immediately installed as their "King of Pleasure." I played the part as best I could under the circumstances that necessarily limit a green kid of my age. The fact that I rather overdid things for a time seemed not to bother my ambitious nature even though I was far too weak



Of course, I was as green as they come, and these jokers had a million gags a day to try on me and, by golly, most of them worked pretty good to the guffaws of twelve rejuvenated gobs. In fact, life became so suddenly enjoyable for them that the transfer requests fell off like crazy. I even laugh myself when I think of some of the nutty things these guys would pull on me, but at the time I was always careful to keep a somber face. I didn't want to spoil their fun.

It seems the Navy found it in their generosity to offer two cans of beer per man every other day as long as the supply lasted, and most of the time we were out. Just 18-years old and fresh out of high school, the Navy had grabbed me before I could develop a taste for liquor of any kind, especially beer. Oh, I could take a sip or two but then I would offer mine to the other two who would flip a coin, wrestle, or even fistfight for the two measly cans. These guys would just get to feeling good on their two cans and would need just a little more to get a buzz on.

to carry out my assigned duties with such vigor as had heretofore been the case. I was able to sneak away to the lagoon three different times in the next two months and each time my own private harem was on hand to make life enjoyable. I ate their fruits and drank their own proudly presented concoctions and tasted of their other pleasures until my whole existence was satisfied and spent and then the girls would practically carry me out of the jungle.

I kept my little secret all to myself until a special event that tempted me so badly that I just had to spill the beans to the other twelve guys. Their transfers came through simultaneously, and all twelve were to be replaced with a new group. I was the only enlisted man to remain behind and I was promoted to Storekeeper Third Class immediately and was almost as happy as the twelve guys as they joyfully packed their gear for a return to the states, a 30-day leave, and reassignment.

I kept quiet during the jokes about my keeping my island, the cocoanuts, stinking jungle, and all the palm trees. I laughed louder than usual because I had my own cherished little plans to provide myself with the last laugh on them.

When we were on the dock and the twelve took turns shaking my hand, I was almost sorry to see them go and I saw a couple of guys with tears in their eyes even though it could have been that they actually hated to leave the island after all, but I really think they appreciated knowing a guy who could take their joking with such good nature. I even hesitated about telling them about the island girls but finally blurted it out just before they left the dock. I told them all the lurid tales I could think of, as the boat was untied and cast off. Several times they tried to interrupt but I kept right on talking. A couple of guys even started to jump back up on the dock and come after me but the thought of stateside leave held them back. I laughed and laughed as they pulled away and watched the twelve somber faces without a smile in the group and I truly felt that I had gotten even for all these weeks as the goat of their jokes. The real reason behind their somber faces didn't occur to me at the time, but looking back now, I guess these guys really must have considered me their friend and they surely hated what was going to happen to me.

As I turned to leave the dock I saw a jeep stop near the entrance where the road ended at the dock and three enlisted men on shore patrol and one officer stepped out. I expected them to pass right by me, but when they surrounded me I was in for a rude shock. The officer spoke, "Sailor, you are the one we have been looking for. We understand you have been observed sneaking over into the jungle where it is posted, 'Off Limits.'" Before I could answer, he summed up the charges against me. "Didn't anyone tell you or didn't you read the signs posted that the area was out of bounds because of the leper colony?"

I looked out across the bay and could make out the boat along side the transport with twelve sailors walking slowly up the gangway. It would be a long time before I would be offered a similar passage home.



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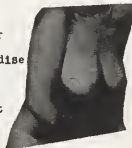
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